UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Menace of the Closed Mind

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

A Schoolmaster Sits in the Church Pew

By KENNETH IRVING BROWN

Some News-Reel Pictures from Mexico

By JANE GARROTT

China's Greater Revolution

By T. Z. KOO

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CVI | MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1930 | NUMBER 6

TO VIRGIL

[Born—October 15, 70 B. C.]

Roman Virgil, thou that singest
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

Landscape-lover, lord of language
more than he that sang the 'Works and Days,'
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word, . . .

Thou that seest Universal
nature moved by Universal Mind,
Thou majestic in thy sadness
at the doubtful doom of human kind;

Light among the vanish'd ages;
star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more, . . .

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

It is altogether fitting that Italy, and indeed the world, should be celebrating this month, the 2000th anniversary of the birth of Virgil. Greatest of Roman poets, he enjoyed an ascendancy in his own day almost unparalleled in the history of literature. Not so great as Homer in sheer genius and achievement, he was far greater in influence, for his muse dominated the Middle Ages, as witness Dante, and has survived into our own time in undiminished splendor. Yet we may well view this event of celebration with mixed emotions. Of the wonder of Virgil's verse there can be no question. "Æneid" is an epic of uncomparable beauty—not so vigorous nor even majestic, perhaps, as the "Iliad," but more gentle and lovely, an infinitely more civilized type of poetry. Nothing is more remarkable in this masterpiece than the authors abhorrence of war and his love of peace. It is no accident that, in the famous fourth "Georgic," he seemed to forecast the coming of the Messiah, the Prince of Peace. Yet the "Æneid" in essence is only a sustained glorification of Rome and of the imperial arms which made Rome great. Virgil struck the appropriate chord for his immortal song in the very first word of the epic, "*Arma virumque cano.*" That this is the explanation of the poet's dissatisfaction with his work—his realization of the prostitution of his genius to unworthy ends—cannot be said. Yet we find it extremely significant that when Virgil died, he left strict injunctions that the "Æneid" was to be destroyed. On the other hand there can be little doubt that this is the reason why Mussolini is so excited about the anniversary and is so active in using the occasion to trump the fame of empire. *Arma* is, of course, Fascism; *virumque* is, of course, Mussolini! So all Italy this month is astir with celebration of the work of the great court poet of the Emperor Augustus. But perhaps it is just as well to put all speculations of this sort one side, and simply ponder the worth of a poet who was one of the three or four greatest singers of all time.

The meeting of the Imperial Conference in London is an impressive demonstration of the passing of empire. The British Empire—to the greater glory of England, be it said!—has disappeared, and in its place there now emerges that international league which is so significantly known as the British Commonwealth of Nations. One marvels that Britain in the case of India still clings to the wraith of empire, instead of adjusting that great eastern land to the new commonwealth, along with South Africa, Australia and the other free dominion states! For empire, in the true sense of the word, has gone forever. It has crumbled at home, where capitalism is falling to pieces under the impact of its own uncontrollable power. It has crashed abroad, where the nationalistic uprisings of dependent peoples are ending forever the alien rule of the invader. Above all, we are living in a time when new ideals of international relations are little by little taking possession of the minds of men, and these ideals are making progressively impossible the dominance of empire as we have known it from Rome to Britain. Of course, like every decaying system or institution, its remnants will long be with us, but these are not serious.

What is significant today are such phenomena as China, India, Syria, Egypt, the Arab states, the Philippines, Cuba. These herald the dawn of that new day when all men will be economically free, politically autonomous, and voluntarily allied in some great association of common interest which shall be the guard and guarantee of the world's peace. Mankind has seen many changing epochs of human destiny. We doubt if any has been quite so fateful as this new epoch which witnesses the passing of conquerors and slaves, and the coming of the free citizens of fraternal commonwealths.

Poincaré is not the only man who has changed his mind on the question of war guilt (See last week's UNITY). The *World Tomorrow* has recently been conducting a questionnaire on the subject, and now announces the results of its inquiry in the current October issue. Various groups of men were questioned—professors, college presidents, editors, social workers, clergymen, labor leaders, lawyers and business men, military and naval officers. To the question, "Do you believe that Germany and her allies were *solely* responsible for causing the World War?", 48 replied "Yes" and 364 "No." To the question, "Do you believe that Germany was *more* responsible than any other Power for causing the World War?", 209 said "Yes" and 152 "No." One must imagine these same questions addressed to the same men within a year, or even five years, after the close of the War, to realize their enormous significance. It is important also, from the standpoint of future trends of opinion, to note the consensus of opinion among those who have made an intensive and impartial study of the subject as compared with others. Thus, of 100 professors of history, only 3 upheld the theory of the sole guilt of Germany and her allies and only 32, or less than one-third, believed that Germany was more guilty than any other belligerent. Of a total of 252 college presidents and professors, who may be presumed to know most about the facts involved, only 15 declared for the sole guilt of Germany, whereas of a total of 13 military and naval officers, who may be presumed to know least about these facts, 9 thought Germany the exclusive villain. On the question of *sole* responsibility, the great bulk of intelligent opinion now brings in the verdict of "Not Guilty" as against Germany. On the question of *more* responsibility, opinion is much more evenly divided, but is none the less steadily swinging in Germany's favor. In the face of such data, one wonders how much longer the revision of the Versailles Treaty can be delayed.

Another question asked by the *World Tomorrow* in its questionnaire sheds a shining light upon the character of our military men as related to the problem of war and peace. The generals and admirals are constantly declaring that they are the only real pacifists—that they do not want war, hate to fight war, and only desire armies and ships because these weapons are the one sure means of keeping the peace. This claim has always seemed to us to be ridiculous—a soldier must be as eager to draw his sword as a baseball player to swing his bat! But the military and naval officers are insistent, and most people undoubtedly believe them. Now comes the *World Tomorrow* with an acid test of the attitude of these men toward war. "In the light of all the evidence now available," asked the editors of this paper, "do you think that the United States acted wisely in entering the war against Germany?" Professors, editors, clergymen, labor leaders, lawyers, all divide on this question. The majority say "Yes," the minority, "No"; only the social workers and clergymen vote that the United States should *not* have entered the war! But the generals and admirals?—there is no division of sentiment among these. Thirteen of them were asked this question, and every man-jack of the thirteen answered, "Yes," the United States "acted wisely" in entering the war. Trust a soldier to go to war whenever there is the slightest excuse for fighting! At the drop of the hat, he will rush to take up arms. This is the reason—one of the reasons—why disarmament is so important a part of the whole great struggle against war. There is no single menace to peace which is quite so serious as the existence in every nation of a group of men who have a trade or professional interest in the institution of war. There are exceptions, of course—Gen. Bliss in America, Gen. Crozier in England! But as a class our generals and admirals are as formidable a foe to peace as our brewers, distillers, saloon-keepers and bootleggers are to temperance. Get rid of them all, is the only way out!

The possibility, we should be inclined to say the certainty, that Germany will sooner rather than later repudiate the reparations laid upon her by Versailles, is raising anew the demand that America should cancel her war debts. We have always been opposed to this, and we are opposed to it now. Our position is identical with that recently stated in a clear utterance by Bertrand Russell—"I see no reason why the United States should cancel war debts. The money will in any case be used for armaments—American, if the debts are not cancelled, European, if they are." It is true, of course, that the payment of our debts begins with Germany's payment to our debtors of her reparations. If our cancellation of these debts meant that an equal amount of money would be cancelled on the reparations account, we should be all for it as an effective beginning of the task of cleaning up the whole miserable mess. But such cancellation on our part would not even remotely touch the reparations situation. Even though we got nothing, Germany would have to keep right on paying to Britain, France and Italy. Indeed, as a

matter of fact, we *are* getting nothing from France and Italy today—Great Britain is the only debtor nation which has the decency and honor to pay its debts at however great a sacrifice to its own people!—and yet Germany is being drained of her last *pfennig*. No, America is not the place where the cure of this dreadful situation is to be started. Where cancellation must begin, and sooner rather than later will begin, is Germany. Let the reparations be wiped out! Then, and not before, will the time have come for this country to wipe out as well the debts of the Allies. What we need, what we must have if the world is to be saved, is a cleaning of the whole slate of all the endless figures of war indebtedness. As a mere matter of elementary justice, start the sponge in the corner where the Young Plan is set down in endless numerals. It will then reach soon enough to the opposite corner where stand the tables of the American debts.

It's rather pathetic—this problem of the Harding Memorial at Marion, Ohio! Three years built now, and never dedicated—and no prospect of dedication in sight. For it is the established custom that a memorial to a dead president shall be appropriately dedicated by one of his successors. Calvin Coolidge was obviously the man. Had he not been vice-president in Harding's administration, and heir to all Harding's power and place upon the latter's death? But Mr. Coolidge, along with other qualities good and bad, has an amazing fund of Yankee shrewdness, and never at any time during his later period of office did he find it conveniently possible to go to Marion and officially dedicate the Harding monument with an address in eulogy of his predecessor. Now Herbert Hoover is finding that he has "another engagement." It's quite impossible to find any day upon his calendar when he can make this trip and perform this duty. Well, well! If a president is unavailable, why not a chief-justice of the Supreme Court, the next highest officer in the government? The present head of the Court, as it providentially happens, is the great and pious man who was secretary of state in Harding's cabinet. Furthermore, we remember distinctly that when memorial services were held in the Capitol after President Harding's death, it was none other than the Hon. Charles E. Hughes who gave an address so eloquent in its praise of the high qualities of the deceased that tears sprang to the eyes of many a senator and representative who listened. If the Chief-Justice is busy, too busy to prepare another address, let him go to Marion and read this old address in his familiar stentorian tones. It is as true now as it ever was then—why not give the nation a chance to hear it again? Or, if we really cannot have Mr. Hughes, why not Senator Fall? He knew Harding well, and could tell a lot about him. Or Mr. Sinclair, clad in his Atlanta prison stripes—he could pronounce a noble eulogy. Yes, there are plenty of men to do the dishonors, even if we can't have a president. Come, come, let's get that memorial dedicated!

The Menace of the Closed Mind

The cause of human progress faces many obstacles. We have seen in the last few years how terribly it can be hindered by war. We know how it is delayed by disease. A few are beginning to see how it is held back by poverty. War, disease, poverty, all of these and many more are great weights holding us back. But greater than all of these and lurking behind them there is an obstacle which must be removed if the race is ever to move at more than snail pace. That obstacle impedes us like a fog. It is the foe and the menace of all progress. It is the menace of the closed mind.

By the closed mind I mean the mind which refuses to welcome new truth. I mean the type of mind which is completely satisfied to think what has been thought, to do what has been done, the mind which has no welcome for new ideas or new ways. I mean the kind of thinking which says—"It has always been so, therefore it always will be so." By the closed mind I mean the whole outlook upon life which declares: "Men have always fought, therefore there will always be war; people have always been poor therefore there will always be poverty; disease has always existed therefore the race can never be healthy." By the closed mind I mean, in a word, the age old human tendency to oppose all new ideas and new methods. Such an attitude I believe to be a menace to progress, the deadliest obstacle to that change we call advancement, with which the race has to deal. This is the menace of the closed mind. Let me point out briefly some of its follies and crimes as they have shown themselves in the generations past.

We today accept the fact of the movement of the earth around the sun much in the same way as we accept the alphabet and the fact that two and two make four. But let us remember that this was once a new idea. It was first broached among the ancient Greeks and was howled down by them in great derision. Even Plato and Archimedes, men of the most brilliant intellect simply could not seriously entertain the idea that the earth moved. Ptolemy, the great astronomer, declared that the theory that the earth moved was the most absurd idea he had heard of. Now it took hun-

dreds of years and the persecution of many men before even the most intelligent circles accepted the idea that the earth was a small body going around the sun in a universe so vast that our minds cannot grasp it. Here is one of the best examples of the closed mind. The opposition to this one great idea has delayed the advancement of knowledge immeasurably.

Then too, the greatest scientists and scholars maintained for years that there was no such thing as a meteor. They said stones never had and never could fall from the sky. Indeed Lavoisier, one of the greatest chemists of the 18th century wrote a learned report to the French Academy setting forth that heavenly bodies never could fall to our earth. And Gassendi, one of the most learned men of the 17th century, examined a meteor which fell in Provence. He saw it; he touched it and yet declared it was due to an eruption of the earth in some unknown region. The minds of these men were closed. In this field no progress was possible for them. They could not face facts.

Again, the delay in the coming of railroads shows the working of the closed mind. When they were first constructed engineers predicted that they could never be made practicable. They said that the wheels of the locomotives would simply whirl round and round without moving forward. In the French Chamber of Deputies it was said that if railroads came the country would lose two-thirds of the money then paid for transportation. In Bavaria the Royal College of Doctors solemnly asserted that railroads would undermine the people's health because the cars would move so rapidly that they would cause brain trouble among the travelers and vertigo among those who looked at the moving trains. They recommended that if railroads were permitted the tracks should be enclosed by high fences so that people would not get dizzy looking at the moving trains. Once more we see the work of the closed mind.

As another illustration we may recall the story of the cable. One of the greatest European authorities in the field of physics declared the whole idea an impossibility. He used these words: "I cannot regard this project as serious . . . such a thing is an impossibility. I repeat here what I have said several times already—that the only way of connecting the Old World with the New is to cross Behring's Strait by some submarine track, unless indeed a way should be found through the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland and Labrador." Another example of the closed mind.

But probably the outstanding illustration of the closed mind in the field of invention has to do with the phonograph. On the 11th of March, 1878, DuMoncel introduced Edison's remarkable invention to the French Academy of Sciences. When the phonograph spoke with the tones of the human voice a member of this learned society rushed towards the man who represented Edison and seizing him by the collar, cried out, "Wretch, we are not to be made dupes of by a ventriloquist." And this same man, six months after with more time to examine the instrument and to think, declared that the machine was founded upon ventriloquism for said he, "It is impossible to admit that mere vile metal can perform the work of the human voice." Here is the classic illustration of the closed mind.

So in the same way we might speak of the ridicule poured upon the idea of the steam boat, of the opposition to the use of illuminating gas because folks said it could not burn without a wick, of the great geologist who declared that there never was or ever could be such a thing as a fossil man, of those Dutch senators who refused the inventor a patent on his telescope because they said his glasses were only adapted to be used by one eye. All this and much more which could be stated show the menace of the closed mind. The world is full of people who speak and act like the countryman who for the first time beholding a camel turned away in disgust saying, "There ain't no such animal." The world is full of people who are an obstacle to advancement because they cannot believe in the new, their minds are closed. This is the menace of the closed mind.

It is right here that I believe the trouble is today. We have great problems facing us, problems as serious as any the race has faced. They are not problems of mechanics and machinery—the race has pretty well succeeded in that field—our great problems now are in the realm of our social relationships. We don't know how to live together. Our machinery, our inventions have created a new world which seems too large for us to handle. We have poverty and we have unemployment. We have class antagonism and we don't know what to do about it. Our increased means of communication and transportation have made the world one neighborhood so that the black man and the white man and the yellow man are brought face to face and must rub shoulders constantly. Racial antagonism and hatred may be fanned to fury at any moment. Nations are seeking the markets of the world. They seek to secure the earth and its resources for themselves. This rivalry easily passes over into war. The great industrial problem, the race problem and the problem of international relationships dog our footsteps. Here is where we must have bold thinking. What we have done and what we have thought cannot be sufficient to meet these new conditions. To have closed minds is to invite racial destruction.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Jottings

"If the Central Powers did not start the War, why should they be condemned to pay the damages? If responsibility is divided, then as a matter of necessity and justice, the cost must also be divided."—Poincaré, in the *Temps,* December 27, 1920.

M. Poincaré has now discovered and confessed that "the Central Powers did not start the War" (See UNITY, October 13th). Will the ex-President of France now advocate, "as a matter of necessity and justice," the revision of the Treaty of Versailles?

Greece and Turkey have recently agreed to discontinue a holiday, in which the former mourned and the latter celebrated the capture of Smyrna, because it fomented hatred between them. Here is a benign precedent for the discontinuance of Armistice Day. And—why not?—the substitution of World Peace Day!

Mr. Justice Seabury of New York promises, according to the *World,* "a *weeping* investigation of judicial corruption in that city." This is promising, as somebody ought to be made to weep for what has happened.

"Pauline, favorite sister of Napoleon, terrifying, capricious, wanton, and adored, she led the life of every woman's dreams—beauty, riches, jewels, two husbands and many lovers."—*Advertisement of a new biography of Pauline.*

Well, well! So this is "the life of every woman's dreams"! It's fortunate for some of us men that dreams don't come true.

We have read many pertinent and impertinent characterizations of the famous Simon Report on India, but none so perfect as that of *United India* (London). "The report," says this paper, "is in effect an elaborate and official edition of Miss Mayo's 'Mother India'."

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has announced that the death rate from pernicious anemia has been cut 43 per cent by eating liver. Thank you, we prefer the pernicious anemia, if you don't mind.

J. H. H.

American Notes

Some Church Leaders

I

It has become a fashion to publish lists of leaders. The list of "59 rulers" of America has gone on its way, provoking much discussion about American ideals. This was followed by a list of leaders among women. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise has just published a list of the "Ten foremost Religious Leaders" in the country. He names "John Haynes Holmes, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Father John A. Ryan, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Mordecai W. Johnson, Harry Ward, Rabbi Henry Cohen, Graham Taylor, Sherwood Eddy, and Rufus Jones." These ten men would certainly make an able cabinet, to lead in any forward movement in social and religious activity.

It occurred to me that the readers of UNITY would like to gain some fresh impression of these men, whom Dr. Wise ranks so high. As opportunity offers, I propose to describe them, especially when I can catch them in action. The first one mentioned appeared in his pulpit today, September 28th, for the first time after the vacation which he takes in the woods of Maine. Next Sunday, I hope to be in the new Riverside Church and hear Dr. Fosdick. Dr. Wise did not indicate who was the chief among the ten—doubtless he would say that they were all "Stars"!

Dr. Holmes's Community Church was full. As the auditorium was filling, you noted, after perusing the 8-page Calendar, which is well done all the way from "The Statement of Purpose" to the "Church Directory", that the people come from all corners of the earth, "every nation under heaven" being represented. This gives the landscape a New Testament atmosphere. I enjoy looking at the large mosaic painting back of the pulpit of a huge, overshadowing angel, and underneath the blazing words, *"Let There Be Light."* If the preacher ever gets to dipping too far toward humanism, I look up at the painting.

Dr. Holmes gives you confidence from the moment he enters the side door, unattended, and stands facing the congregation. He maintains a firm tread from the invocation to the benediction. He announces the hymn —"the hymn that has been sung at the beginning of the year ever since Dr. Collyer's ministry of 33 years." And this is the hymn—

> Unto Thy temple, Lord, we come
> With thankful hearts to worship thee . . .
>
> May Thy whole truth be spoken here . . .
> And human life become divine.

"Shall We Have Any Churches in the Future?" was the preacher's theme. No one ever sleeps when Dr. Holmes speaks. Certainly no one today, as he wove this question through a 55 minute discourse. He is certain that the churches of today will either disappear or become unrecognizable. The process may be slow—too slow for his preference—as evolution reveals the changes at any one time are almost imperceptible. He noted some of the forces that are at work to abolish the church. One is the radio, perhaps the greatest influence working to remake the church. The radio would tend to make a *meeting-house* unnecessary. "Dr. Cadman, preacher in a Brooklyn church, to Dr. Cadman, radio preacher, is prophecy of what is going to occur." He intimated, however, that the radio did not permit that social and spiritual affiliation so desirable to the sustenance of religion.

He mentioned three things that indicated the pass-

ing of the churches: (1)—The passing of the theological conception of religion. No institution can last that is not based on scientific principles. There can be no creed to a lasting religious institution. It must have a program of action. Such an institution will throw its doors open to creedless people. (2)—The passing of the denominational organization of religion—this is a sign of the passing of modern churches. The cause of denominations is theological. (3)—A third reason that the churches of today will pass is because they are private institutions, not primarily serving the interest of the community. There will be a place for a "church" that will be a public institution, like the public schools, which are the proudest achievements of our democracy. Our churches are parochial. They should be churches "for the people, by the people, and of the people." There should be a church in every community, community churches, for the public welfare. Religious centers, because social centers!

He closed with a striking vision of the "future church"—the Church of Man, based on the principle of democracy, a real "Kingdom of God."

I asked a lady, a stranger, whom I sat next to, why she first came to the Community Church. "I first came to the Forum. Then I heard Dr. Holmes say, 'Every one of every race is heartily welcome in the Community Church,' and I said, 'That's the place for me'."

SYDNEY STRONG.

A Schoolmaster Sits in the Church Pew

This schoolmaster has sat in many pews, pews in mid-western churches where the walls were strewn with scriptural texts badly painted, and pews in great metropolitan churches where rose windows cast dim religious light. The church has long held a significant place in his loyalty; and he expects it to continue to do so. But of late he has been seriously troubled.

The situation is this: as a teacher he has long known that the best educational programs aim to develop in the student a power of judgment and a sense of critical appreciation which shall be operative, it is to be hoped, when the student faces new situations outside college walls. Moreover, he has learned that judgment is developed only by the making of decisions; that appreciation grows only through contact with the best and the opportunity, in time, to chose that best. Accordingly, whenever the subject matter of his classroom is in anywise controversial or even open to more than one opinion, he has tried with failure and success to present honestly both sides of the question and then on the merits of the case has allowed the students to make their own decisions. Presumably, being beset with numerous human limitations, he has presented the side which he rejects less sympathetically and persuasively. I write, *presumably,* but his attempt at impartiality has been genuine. Sometimes the members of his class ask for his personal opinion and he gives it, but never until the issue has first been considered in open discussion by the group. Not infrequently his students choose to hold opinions opposite to those which are his. From a point of view of indoctrination his teaching is the flattest of failures; measured by the development of individual judgment and appreciation, it may have had a degree of success.

But this is autobiographical and tangential. The schoolmaster sits in his church pew wondering. Sunday after Sunday he hears doctrines propounded by preachers wise and foolish, great and small; and seldom is more than one side of the case presented. To his thinking it is usually the right side, to be sure, but he is troubled by the pedagogy of the pulpit which takes so little thought of the necessity of developing the critical faculty and individual initiative.

Doesn't a group need to be trained to make religious decisions? Shouldn't the members of a congregation be aware of the strong points in the life-philosophy of the devil, not to mention the church's less formidable opponents? Can a believer intelligently give a reason for the faith that is his unless he has come to his convictions after sympathetic understanding of the issues on which men disagree? Convictions unanimously accepted are not convictions.

The congregations with whom the schoolmaster has worshipped may know the correct answers to many important questions of doctrine and morals and living, but in the course of their training they have received little that can strengthen them to meet either the arguments or the seductive indifference of the worldly-minded. And the schoolmaster ponders how many of their right answers, memorized from frequent hearings, lead to right solutions in the puzzling situations and unforeseen questions which are the burden of every new day.

The schoolmaster has no presumptuous desire to substitute a new message for the church's theme—only the harmless wish that in the presentation of that theme in all of its phases the church might acquaint the hearer with conflicting judgments, with the reasons that cause wise men to differ, and most important with the need for tolerance—the realization that wise men do differ. Such procedure might result in less of religious certainty among the hearers, but as compensation there would come reasoned convictions, intelligent faith, and the largess of tolerance.

Every child-adult needs to learn that all "respectable" people do not hold identical views on life. This may be lamentable but nevertheless it is true; and to some the lesson comes with surprise and even horror, to others with a release of energy.

The schoolmaster recalls a seminar offered recently in one of our experimental junior colleges where three instructors and ten students gathered around a table for the discussion of student-chosen topics. The theme for the day was immortality. As the students under their own leader talked, confusion of idea and general bewilderment were apparent; they voiced their uncertainty without hesitation and their comments suggested the naive anticipation that when the instructors finally spoke, there would be thunder on Mt. Sinai. Then, the instructors entered the lists, weighing the evidence in favor of and opposed to the theory of continued existence. There was a gasp of surprise among those college sophomores as they realized, some for the first time, that men whose sanity and honesty of judgment they had learned to respect, could hold divergent views on a religious question. Any previous training that they may have had on the subject had come from

the church, labeling this opinion right and that one wrong. In this situation they were facing a conflict of ideas in which labels had been discarded as irrelevant; and they responded, "We may never come to a common agreement, but we'll dare to think through the question as best we are able, and on the basis of the facts as we can discover them, we'll make our decision." But this is an incident from a college classroom, not a church-conducted meeting.

There is fear in the schoolmaster's heart that unwittingly the church in spite of its pretty phrases has fostered intolerance by its tacit suggestions that the persons holding views opposed to those which are ecclesiastically sanctioned are suffering from mental inadequacy or are frankly hypocritical. Our churches are loyal to their faiths, legion though those faiths be, but they have never believed that on major issues of belief or conduct more than one position could be intellectually or morally tenable. Occasionally when conviction in a once-major issue has waivered and the shepherd is not concerned about the direction his flock may stray, both sides of the question may be presented, but only when the decision is inconsequential.

In this the liberal-minded church has offended together with the conservative-minded. The stray worshiper in a modernist church will fairly conclude that the words *fundamentalist* and *moron* are synonymous; whereas had he wandered first into the church around the corner, he would have heard that "we are the people, sole protectors of infallible truth." It is still extremely difficult for a Protestant to believe that a Catholic can be intellectually respectable; the Catholic sees in the Protestant a man, longing at heart to return to the mother-church but restrained by pride from confessing his error.

It is not to be thought, however, that religious groups have any monopoly on intolerance. No ardent dry Republican can believe that any votes were cast for Al Smith which did not come from a desire to see the country wringing wet. No militant pacifist but is assured that every big-navy-advocate is commercially-minded, thinking of his own selfish profit to the neglect of his nation's welfare. And in most prohibition and war-peace discussions which the schoolmaster has listened to, the orators grandly assumed either the imbecile fanaticism or the greedy, oily hypocrisy of their opponents.

The answer may be that religiously, politically, we are not equal as a people to the strain of decisions; an impartial weighing of pros and cons with a resultant deliberative judgment demands maturity of mind; whereas labels affixed by ordained leaders with the mucilage of emotion renders life so infinitely simpler, without the necessity of intelligent opinions or thoughtful judgments!

Our Protestant churches, our Sunday schools, our young people's religious work are built upon the theory of indoctrination; the schoolmaster recognizes that there are ages and conditions for which this "religious stenciling process" may have its place. But sitting in his Sunday pew he has been wishing that the church groups might come to accept differences of opinion on significant matters. He is not unaware of the favorable change which is slowly coming . . . but the meeting of outstanding personalities on the debate platform, even when there be a pulpit in front, will never cultivate a friendly willingness to accept in fellowship men and women of unlike tenets of faith. Neither will the Sunday evening forum with its questions and answers entirely solve the problem.

The leadership for the new pedagogy in the church must come alike from the minister and the layman. The preacher, in a day when the world is making superhuman demands of him, must add to his equipment of sound convictions the ability to see and to present the case of those holding opposing views; he must bring to his pulpit such educational theory as shall tend to cultivate in his people new abilities to appreciate religious worth and to judge critically of religious truth. And the layman marching abreast of his pastor must be willing to accept the new leadership, agreeing not to cry if his ecclesiastical toes are trodden on, pledging himself to a new tolerance which shall be consonant with sturdiness of faith. Theirs is a joint task in which both preacher and layman must move farther and farther from the attitude of the cautious mother who bringing her son to the professor of Bible on the opening day of college, introduced him with these words: "Professor Teacher, this is my dear boy, John. He's taking your course, and oh Professor, you won't teach him anything about the Bible he doesn't know, will you?"

KENNETH IRVING BROWN
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Heaven Through the Top of a Pine

Did you ever look up in the top of a pine
When clouds are sweeping the blue,
And hear the voice of the murmuring wind
Crooning, crooning to you?

Did you ever wish that you might live
With the birds on the top-most limb,
So you could better hear, and perhaps understand,
By living closer to Him?

Have you ever felt the urge to swing
Far out to the rim of the sky,
As, in perfect rhythm, that top-most limb
Sways to the wind's lullaby?

Did you ever look up in the top of a pine
Where the branches wave and nod. . . .
And feel you know some of many things
It must be telling God?

CARMEN PENN.

A Friend Looks at the World

Look, Friend! Here comes a big parade
Of people shabbily arrayed.
Poor Souls, who toil and never shirk;
What crime that they must beg for work!

With hardship lined in every face,
They march along in ghostly pace
With banner gleaming and the cry,
"Give us work or we shall die!"

But cast an eye on that parade
Of prudes with dainty clothes displayed.
They are the great who rule our land;
This world is theirs if they command.

If only workers would arise,
And strip these folk of their disguise,
And make them work as others must;
Then we would have a world that's just!

MELVILLE KRESS.

Some News-Reel Pictures from Mexico*

I didn't know when I came down here that I should have the good fortune to attend the meetings of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. I'll write you in simple and perhaps too scrappy style some of my impressions. You know I have watched "these peace women" for ten years and more. What have we really accomplished? Something, I hope, but I'm not sure.

The group here is headed by an able woman named Senora Clemencia de Kiel, part-German and part-Mexican they tell me. About two weeks ago I first met the members when they were holding a meeting in one of the big public buildings near the Educational Center, in the amphitheater of the Preparatory School. A young and handsome woman made an address, of course in Spanish, and there was music on the piano.

Here I saw for the first time one of the most remarkable of Riveras frescos—the figures covering the stage behind the organ in this amphitheater. Rising up high over the central group of organ pipes appear the head and shoulders of a great, dark-skinned Indian woman with her two arms outstretched as if to take the whole world in her embrace. The expression in her eyes! One can't describe those eyes—so full of yearning, of love, and at the same time holding a fixed light that insists and compels, compels an attention that must not waver—and her appeal is certainly one made especially to women. If Rivera had made an image purposely designed to arouse women to definite and effective action he would have painted just such a picture. Why should we not so interpret it?

The Mexican woman had draped a beautiful peace flag over the speaker's stand. This flag is one of the loveliest I ever saw, and is made of lustrous cream satin, measuring about three by five feet. In the center is embroidered or painted the figure of an angel in soft blue and grey, and over her head appears the design of the "Pax" emblem. A border of geometrical designs in appropriate pastel colors runs around the edge and the whole is tied with white satin streamers to a standard when the flag is not used as a drape.

Madame Drevet, French delegate, spoke in French, and to my great joy, I could understand every word she said. However Senora de Kiel thought best to interpret her remarks, for there was a large audience and many did not speak French. Madame Drevet made only a few statements on this occasion, words of greeting and aspiration and compliments. She is fine-looking, vigorous soul—short and stocky, not handsome, but has a good color and shining eyes, and is not more than thirty-five or forty, I should judge. Now that Miss Addams and Miss Balch are unable to come, she appears to be the most notable figure in attendance at the convention.

Yesterday afternoon I went down to see the ceremony arranged by the W. I. L. P. F., for the Mexican president of this group to present a medal to Fierro, the flyer.

Fierro sat among a group of woman officials on the stage and chewed gum rapidly with never a let-up, grinning uneasily—a boyish and quite undistinguished figure. He was the great attraction and was received hysterically when he bowed acknowledgements; but when the sweet and dignified president of the W. I. L. tried to make a few remarks it was impossible to restore any kind of order. No one would listen to her; not one word was audible.

These expert flyers are every one of them pledged to the needs of the army. At the outbreak of war, they will all begin at once to direct terrible bombing operations from the air. When I thought of this yesterday, it seemed rather silly for us "peace workers" to heap honors upon them.

I met Senora Joussaud, a prominent member of the group and talked with her. She described the program which the organization has proposed for public schools, in the hope of fostering a peace spirit among the children, and spoke of the importance of taking "these first little steps." At this remark I wanted to explode, but managed to hold in. I read an article by John Dewey some time ago which exactly expressed my mind. He asked why are we always taking "little steps," and suggested that this method may be a most ineffective and mistaken one. Yes, he is right. It is because we are always taking cautious little steps that we never accomplish anything worth while, and we keep on taking these because we are too weak and too cowardly to plan out and to execute some really effective program. For my part I'm done with "little steps."

Yesterday morning, the chief speaker was Senora Guadalupe Gutierrez de Joseph, who has been giving a course of lectures on peace during the last few weeks to crowded audiences. She spoke in Spanish with such good effect and beautiful gestures that those of us who didn't know much Spanish could follow pretty well. I'm inclined to think her the outstanding intellectual leader of all these women here. Of course she isn't at all well known yet, for she has only been lecturing for peace for a comparatively short time. She has great personal magnetism, fairly good looks and an Amazonian physique. She goes at the subject from an entirely different point of approach from that of trained lobbyists and the other officers who patiently attend committees, draw up resolutions, petition Congress, ask for audiences with politicians, and go through all the patient step-by-step maneuvers by means of which they get a reluctant bit of attention after three or four years of hard work. Sister de Joseph, if put to the test to get some good snappy results, would be likely to take a few Congressmen by the coat-collar and gently but firmly tell them what she expected them to do—and that quickly! No, no, I don't mean she is violent in methods; she assumes the quiet power of a sort of super-matriarch who *knows* she is right and will have her way.

The feature of this morning's program was a perfectly wonderful account of the work being done in the schools here. The speaker, Senorita Cejudo, was all on fire with enthusiasm over what has been accomplished. The women here are beginning with the young folks to inculcate a hatred for war and an appreciation of international friendships. They are doing a lot of things and the children are just filled with zeal to help in the work. You never heard anything like it. Why there was brought to the meeting this morning a petition signed by many children repre-

*Extracts from letters from Mexico City by Mrs. Jane Garrott, former head of International House, Seattle, to Ellen Anderson, Secretary of the Seattle Fellowship of Reconciliation.

senting three million Mexican little folks who want that paper sent to the Government of the United States as an earnest of the children's good will! The teachers say they meet them more than half way. Can you believe that each one of us in that audience was presented with a beautiful little drawing made by a school child to express his horror of war, and that these sketches were neatly and beautifully done—all original and *different!* The one handed me is in black and white—a picture of a poor hut on fire, the people outcast and dying, and soldiers with drawn bayonets standing about and flames bursting from the roof. So vivid, and yet so childlike! The speaker also held up so we could all see a great number of beautiful colored poster-like designs—made by children, and so well done, so wonderful in color and striking in execution! They were expressions of the children's self-chosen symbols to show the uselessness of fighting and the advantages of understanding. They are so unusual and so fine that they will doubtless be collected and made the basis of an exhaustive report. I can't do them justice.

The excitement of the morning was caused by the interruption of the chairman when she was making announcements. A pretty young Mexican girl, who was seated in a prominent place in a box where all could see her, asked for the floor. She went on talking very volubly and rapidly, to the great embarrassment of the chair, and aroused a number of claps and encouraging murmurs from the audience. It became quite evident that she was adopting communist tactics—trying to "run away with the meeting"—but she was so absolutely beautiful with her black curls tossed back, and making impassioned gestures as she cried out her indignation at the supposed attempt to "suppress free speech," that we all hoped the chair would yield and let her have it out, whatever it was. Someone cried out that she was not a delegate and had no right to speak at any time. "Yes, I am," she shouted, "I'm a delegate from the women workers recently organized here in this city!" Several tried to calm her, but she wouldn't sit down for some time, and you can imagine our amusement (and the dismay of the chairman) when another woman sprang up rather far back in the audience and began to shout and harangue in a manner much bolder than the pretty girl. We all turned to look at her. She was a full-blooded Indian with a rather handsome, stern face. She was hatless and wore an old shawl. I couldn't get one word of her outpouring, she was quite too speedy for me. When she let up a little, someone asked for the interpreter to tell us what she said. The interpreter, a young Spanish girl, informed us that she was a delegate from the workers, who wanted to tell us her ideas of what we should do and offered some rather uncomplimentary remarks about the League in general.

Resolutions were read and discussed in the afternoon and you may be sure we heard from the two "wild women" again. The chair was more than generous to them in giving them time. It appears that the pretty girl wanted to tell us that her organization had at one time appealed to the W. I. L. to make a protest against some military exhibition on the part of the United States, and the W. I. L. failed to follow her suggestion; hence her disgust with the group. She had much to say besides about the question of troops at the border and the danger of counter-revolution in Mexico if the United States should take certain steps. She talked so much and so fast that the interpreter could not give us a fair idea of her position. . . . There arose so much confusion during the heated arguments in the afternoon that order was completely lost sight of, and that sacred paladium of rights—Parliamentary Procedure—went overboard and was drowned for quite some space of time. I enjoyed it immensely. The chair, Mrs. Lowrie, is a sweet woman, none too forcible in a crisis, and she just stood smiling grimly and crying *"Un momentito—Senoras! Un Momentito!"* for some minutes. The radicals shouted and the conservatives made a noise like hissing but different from ours. They say Pspspspspspspspsps! Uprose Dorothy Detzer, among others, and tried with her great voice, which has rung out through many halls of conference, to smooth down the Mexicans' ruffled feathers. "Nothing doing." Also mild Madam Drevet appealed in vain for order. At last the particular measure objected to was voted on the table. . . . According to the explanations that followed after the meeting was over I gathered that the misunderstandings were almost entirely due to the difficulties of trying to use two languages in too much of a hurry.

How we did admire the Mexican women! A certain southern gentleman from New Orleans who is here with his wife (a delegate), told me he thought they were much more alert and made a better showing than we Americans.

China's Greater Revolution*

About the year 1916, there arose in our country an intellectual revolution which in the short space of a decade, profoundly changed the mental outlook and habits of the educated class in China. In the West, this revolution was variously known as the "Chinese Renaissance," the "New Thought Movement," the "New Culture Movement," etc. Its best known leader is Dr. Hu Shih, who was then a professor in Peking University.

In essence, this revolution was a protest against the traditional content and processes of China's thought life and a recognition of the fact that a revolution in ideas must precede a revolution in the political or social structure of a nation. The traditional thought life of China has been mainly metaphysical and ethical in content while its expression has been literary and synthetic in a crudely unscientific way. The intellectual revolution changed all this. It emphasized the practical sciences and the democratic ideal, and popularized the idea of scientific method in thinking.

The movement reached its height between the years 1920 and 1923. Thereafter, new forces began to emerge in the intellectual field and a period of confusion and apparent aimlessness set in. This was especially noticeable in the years 1926 to 1928. But

*The author of this article, Mr. T. Z. Koo, is one of China's greatest leaders today. Declining to enter the political field, he has devoted himself to educational and social work which he regards as fundamental.—EDITOR.

beginning with last year, a new tendency began to emerge from this confusion, thus indicating that the intellectual forces are once more beginning to find themselves and to enter a new period of endeavor. The work done by Dr. Hu Shih and his colleagues freed the intellectual life of China from the domination and stagnation of an unscientific past. Having won this freedom, the new intelligentsia are now turning their attention to fields outside of their own immediate concern. It is a fact of great significance for the future that the field chosen should be in the realm of the life and problems of the common people, the submerged classes of China. If you were familiar with the spirit and traditional attitudes of the old *literati* of China with their proud aloofness from the common herd, you would then realize the radical nature of the step now taken by so many of the thinkers and writers of the day.

The new tendency which is now discernible in the intellectual field is known in China by the name of "Pu Lu Wen Sho," or the "Proletarian Culture Movement." Its avowed purpose is to champion the cause of the exploited classes, that is, the industrial and farm workers who form more than eighty per cent of the entire population of China. The first definite step in this movement came in February this year. A group of fifty-one thinkers and writers came together in Shanghai and organized the "Liberty League." Here is their declaration of purpose:

> We, the undersigned, are living under a political regime in which our fundamental rights as citizens are being ruthlessly circumscribed. The censorship on books and periodicals deprives us of the right of free thought. The censorship on the press limits our right of free speech. The forcible closing down of educational institutions takes away our initiative in education. The interference of the Nationalist Party in people's organizations denies to us the right of free association. These together with the policy of strict repression of all popular movements on the part of workers and farmers to better their own living conditions, have practically nullified the constitutional safeguards of our fundamental rights as citizens of this Republic. We have, therefore, pledged ourselves as charter members of this "Liberty League" to throw in our lot with our oppressed brethren and together with them to fight for the maintenance of our rights.

This declaration was issued on February 15th, 1930, signed by fifty-one persons, three of whom are women and one a Christian pastor. Among the signatures are to be found those of Lu Hsin and Tien Han, leaders respectively of the "Yu Sze" and "Nationalistic Youth" groups.

A few weeks later, on March 2nd, another organization rose to carry on a similar type of work—the "Federation of Leftist Writers." Its statement of purpose is as follows:

> In a society where revolution and change are going on, the true mission of art and literature is to champion the cause of freedom and emancipation. If it is true that poets are seers and artists guides to truth, then they must come to the forefront and do battle with the forces of conservatism and reaction which, all the time, are seeking to retard the progress of mankind. Imperialism has developed a capitalistic system of society which is today fettering and enslaving millions of human beings. These, like the proverbial worm, are at last turning to engage in a great social war—the war of the classes—a war which will achieve the final liberation of the human race. Let us then stand shoulder to shoulder with them in their struggle. Let us help them to destroy the forces of capitalism and feudalism and to create the new conditions under which they can live as normal human beings.
>
> Art and literature in all ages have taken the joys and sorrows of man as their principal theme. We who are artists and writers of this generation cannot do better than to take as our subject the throbbing heart of the oppressed masses now straining and groaning under its burdens. Let us then join hands and create a proletarian culture movement which shall be our contribution to the cause of freedom in this country. Such a movement, negatively speaking, will be opposed to the forces of reaction and capitalism and the pretensions of the *petit bourgeoisie*. Positively, the movement will propagate and expand the philosophy of the proletarian cause. In our program, we shall strive to be creative, to discover the problems in the life of the common people and to find a solution for them.

Since the formation of this Federation in March, it has already established wide contacts with literary societies in many universities and among the workingmen. It has organized four research groups to study (A) the theory and practice of Marxian philosophy and economics; (B) the cultures of the world; (C) the popularization of culture for the masses; and (D) the art of caricature and free-hand drawing. The Federation also publishes a magazine for propaganda purposes called, "World Culture."

From the above description of these two groups, you will readily see that they are bound to come into conflict with the Government. Their writings, speeches, plays and paintings express sentiments which the authorities naturally class as "dangerous." Therefore, it has already clapped a number of the leaders into prison. But their popularity and influence among the students are steadily growing. Publications announced by these groups in Shanghai are generally sold out in a few days.

Let me take a little space to explain the significance of this new tendency which has arisen in the field of literature and art in China.

First, it means that various groups, hitherto isolated from one another, have joined forces under the banner of "Pu Lu Wen Sho."

Secondly, it signifies the close of the first period of the intellectual revolution led by Dr. Hu Shih. In this first period, the scholars of China fought for their own emancipation.

Thirdly, it foreshadows the beginning of a new period in the intellectual revolution. In this new period, the scholars will be fighting for the emancipation of the masses.

Fourthly, it is an indication that a definite change is coming over the literary and artistic world in China today. In the first period of the intellectual revolution, democracy was worshipped; now it is dictatorship. Formerly, pure science was emphasized; now the social sciences are pushed to the front. Beauty and delicacy in art and literature were demanded in the first period; now strength and virility are the first considerations. Individualism characterized Dr. Hu Shih's period; now it is collectivism.

The method of approach to problems will also be different in this new period. The critical method will replace the purely analytical. Study of objective environment and facts will take the place of subjective inferences. The social organism will be treated as a whole and not merely as a series of isolated problems.

Lastly, it means a complete reversal of the traditional attitude of proud aloofness on the part of the scholar class in China. The sympathies of the new *literati* will be definitely with the proletariat.

The rise of this new tendency in the intellectual field is destined in the next decade to play an important part in the development of the Chinese people.

T. Z. Koo.

The Study Table

Reviews by John Haynes Holmes

Nationalism in the East

I met the author of this book* in Jerusalem a year and a half ago. We traveled together in Palestine, and talked endlessly of Zionism and its pressing problems. But frequently our minds went off on jaunts into wider territories. For this man was not only a Jew and an official of one of the branches of the Zionist organization in the Holy Land, but a distinguished scholar who used many languages, knew many subjects, and had many ideas. Among other things we talked of the Near and the Far East and of the awakening life of this vast stretch of the world, and now and again there crept into the conversations a reference to a book which Dr. Kohn had written on nationalism in the East which was already published in Germany and enjoying a wide sale in that country. I became curious about this book, eager to see it in spite of my feeble German; and then suddenly and delightedly learned that the book was being translated into English and would soon be published in America. And here it is—a large, handsomely printed volume, with maps, a careful index, an elaborate bibliography, and 432 pages crowded with information and, thanks to author and translator both, highly readable!

My discussion of this book with its author, and also with others in Palestine who were familiar with it in its German text, stirred me with expectation. This expectation has been more than realized in my examination of this American edition. Dr. Kohn's history is a work of the first importance in its field. Characteristically, as coming from the hand of a German scholar, it is a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge. The reading, study, assembling and classification of material, which have gone into this book is simply paralyzing. Here is no summary popularization of recent events in far-flung quarters of the globe. Not a trace of easy and superficial journalism, the bane of modern writing, is in these pages. A scholar has done this job. He has told in elaborate and exact detail the histories of Russia, Turkey, Egypt, the Arab world, Persia, Afghanistan, and India, in recent years. He has unearthed, verified and vivified the forces that have created these histories of awakening nations and peoples. He has forecast the consequences likely to follow from upheavals that are shaking the globe as it has not been shaken since Europe threw off the sleep of the Middle Ages, and has traced from causes and effects the outlines of a nationalistic philosophy for our own and later times. Already, so swiftly are events moving in the East these days, certain portions of Dr. Kohn's book have become antiquated. His tale of India, for example, stops on the threshold of a period greater in dramatic interest and consequence than any that he describes. Egypt is a continued story which he has been able to follow only up to the date of "going to press." He writes me, since the 1929 riots in Palestine, that he would now recast his passages on Zionism, Arabia, and the British Mandate. But the substance of this book is too solid, its researches too deep, its vision too prophetic, for it to be outgrown or superceded in any short period of time. Dr. Kohn has written not only the most important book now available on nationalism in the East, but a work which is destined to remain as a foundational contribution to its subject. Future study is likely to begin where Dr. Kohn leaves off.

Certain chapters of this book have had greater interest for me than others. I read with the greatest care the sections on Palestine, the chapter on the Russian revolution, and the three chapters on India. "Pan-Islamism," "Great Britain and the Orient," "The Nationalist Movement in Egypt," "Turkish Nationalism," "The New Arabia," "Changes in Persia and Afghanistan," all have equal importance, but cover a field with which I can claim little familiarity. If the treatment of Russia, India and Palestine is any sign, Dr. Kohn's book maintains throughout standards of the highest order. What we are shown, in all this vast panorama of places and peoples, with a degree of detail which is elaborate but never confusing, is the cosmic swing of the East into the orbit of economic, political and social progress in which the West has so long been moving. This is history of an importance commensurate with that of Rome and of the Europe of the last four hundred years. It is fortunate that, at just this moment of stupendous crisis, this history should have found such a masterful historian.

As to the meaning and outlook of it all, Dr. Kohn is too well informed and too wise to be too certain. He knows that "a new civilization is in the making." He feels that the "motive forces" behind this civilization are the same two which have operated in Europe—"the rediscovery of ancient, forgotten history, the revival of a classic age irradiating later generations," and "the discovery of new horizons, the influence of distant alien civilizations." He sees the East, like the West, engulfed by "industrial and cultural changes" certain in the one case as in the other to change "the structure of thought and social life." He understands the menace in this evolutionary process—the doom that Gandhi sees of an East following the West into the way of death. The principle of nationalism, says Dr. Kohn, brought to Europe "a fresh impetus, a fuller consciousness of self, a richer sense of values, . . . but in Europe it was speedily transformed into a destructive principle." Already, he points out, "the infant nationalism of the East gives evidence of all the weaknesses of its elder brother." But Dr. Kohn is also like Rabindranath Tagore in not being entirely without hope. The new nationalism of the East, matching the old nationalism of the West, "has created," he writes, "for the first time in history, something approaching a uniform political and social outlook dominating the whole human race. Thence arises the possibility that all together may defeat present conditions and attain to a new humanism of which free souls in all nations, whether in the East or the West, have a presentiment today."

A New Life of Sir Walter

When Lockhart wrote his biography of Scott, he came as near to doing a final piece of work as is given to man to do in this unfinished world. He had in his possession nearly all the documents, and he used them to produce a book which ranks among the half-

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"A History of Nationalism in the East," by Hans Kohn. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. $4.

dozen greatest biographies of all time. The result was, to quote our present author,* that "there is no other man in all the great army of the dead about whom we can know so much and so surely." Yet biographies of Scott are almost as numerous as the master's novels! Following his death, there appeared numerous "lives" of this most popular of British authors, which clustered about the magnificent bulk of Lockhart's work like a swarm of tug-boats around an ocean-liner. In the century which is now so soon to run its course, new biographies have never failed. Grant (1849), MacLeod (1852), Gilfillan (1870), Gleig (1871), Gibson (1871), MacKenzie (1871), Hutton (1878), Watt (1880), Yonge (1888), Saintsbury (1897), Hay (1899), Hudson (1901), Lang (1906), Wyndham (1908), are some of the more famous in the long line. And now, in early anticipation of the centenary (1932) of Scott's death, there appears this latest biography by Stephen Gwynn—the first of a succession which will be as numerous, we have no doubt, as that which accompanied the centenary (1871) of Scott's birth.

The explanation of this undying interest in Sir Walter Scott—an interest which remains unabated at a time when interest in his own writings is very considerably slackened—is to be found first of all, we imagine, in the personality of the man. Writers delight to write about him, and readers to read about him, because he was the most lovable and companionable of men. Adored during his lifetime for his abounding geniality, generosity, kindness, hospitality, good cheer, to say nothing of his spotless character and sturdy fiber of heroic manhood, Scott has been adored for these same qualities ever since. All the world swept to him in person or by letter while he lived, and the world has kept up the custom now for a hundred years after he is dead. "There is none," says Gwynn, "who gives us so freely and so completely his companionship," and there never was a "companionship," we may add, which was alike so blessed to give and to receive. Scott is incomparably one of the most attractive, and worthily attractive, men who ever lived. His personality is as vital and beautiful a reality today as it was yesterday; and therefore do we ever rejoice to come anew into its presence as revealed in the pages of one more biography.

But a further explanation is to be found not only in the man himself, but in his story. Sir Walter Scott was beyond all dispute the greatest story-teller who ever lived. Greater artists a-plenty have wielded the pen, but none, not even Shakespeare, ever matched the vitality, the variety, the abundance of Scott's genius in romantic narrative. His Waverly Novels, written in the incredibly short period of fifteen years, not only mark an epoch in the history of literature, but represent in themselves an achievement of the creative imagination unparalleled in the annals of authorship. The world had never seen anything like it before, and will never see anything like it again. Yet is Scott's greatest story not anything that he wrote with his pen, but rather everything that he lived with his heart's blood. All men hold his life in vivid memory—the crippled boy, chanting with baby lips the ballads of the countryside; the young man, enraptured with his nation's history, roving the hills and dales in quest of the living legends of his people, surrounded always by dogs, and horses, and adoring friends; the minstrel-poet, bursting suddenly upon the world with the most popular poems ever written; the "Great Unknown," pouring forth a flood of romantic tales which left men gasping with ecstatic astonishment and delight; the "laird" of Ashestiel and later of Abbotsford, in the lovely country of Teviot and Tweed, host to neighbors for miles about and to pilgrims from far and near beside; the honored citizen, the rich and properous gentleman, baron of the realm, and friend to the king; then, with frightful suddenness, the ruined man, loaded with debts amounting to not less than $600,000, refusing to escape his obligations through bankruptcy, but setting himself grimly, in his old age and broken health, to earn the money, with the pen which had never failed him yet, to pay in full his creditors; the "Great Magician," now became "the slave of the lamp," toiling night and day, with failing powers but inconquerable will, to write the books which would pay the debt; the paralytic, still struggling helplessly with pen and paper, and at last dying on that perfect September day, with "the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles," distinctly audible within his room. All this we know—it is a part of the classic folk-lore of humanity. There is nothing like it for the perfect beauty of heroic tragedy. It is for this reason we can never hear it often enough! Stephen Gwynn states the fact in this biography of his—

> When all is said, we come back to Cuddie Headrigg's saying in "Old Mortality." 'A gude tale's no the waur of being twice told, I trow, and a body has the better chance to understand it.' The world's great stories are the free commonage of writers, big or little, and the story of Walter Scott ranks among them; nor in all the tales of great men's lives is there one better worth understanding.

In his own telling of the tale, Stephen Gwynn has done an admirable piece of work. It is good in this skeptical and sophisticated age to see a man "let himself go" in unrestrained and unashamed enthusiasm for this pre-Victorian author at whom it is now so fashionable to sniff. Mr. Gwynn has adored Scott ever since, at twelve years of age, he stumbled upon his "Ivanhoe." He confesses his indebtedness to him for much of the freest, fullest, most utterly natural and spontaneous happiness of his days. He lays this book as a grateful offering upon the shrine of one whom he has found to be one of the most fascinating writers as well as noblest men of all time. Not that he is unaware of Scott's faults! In nothing is this biography more remarkable and more valuable than in its illuminatingly discriminative criticism of Scott's work in prose and verse. Mr. Gwynn sees clearly that Scott was little of an artist, that he worked hastily and therefore carelessly, that he produced nothing which was not marred by defects which might have been removed by more conscientious work. But he also sees clearly the essential genius of the man, his unquenchable vitality, his gorgeous color and romance, the vast sweep and range of his imagination, the infinite variety of his panorama so crowded with living persons, the poetry and passion of his eloquence when fully roused, and a thrill and pageantry of drama unrivalled by anything outside of Shakespeare. Scott was in stature a giant—clumsy as a giant, but also colossal as a giant. Let the pygmies of this age match him if they can! Mr.

*"The Life of Sir Walter Scott," by Stephen Gwynn. Published by Thornton Butterworth Limited, London, England.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Anglo-Afridi Wars and Indian Independence

On the northwestern frontier of India British troops have been engaged for several months now in repelling the recurring and increasingly well-organized attacks of the Afridi and other tribes. The latest news shows that earlier skirmishes of a few hundreds of these troublesome neighbors of British frontier province with the Indian soldiers have now taken on the shape and dimensions of a large scale war, in which the force of the invaders is estimated in the least at 10,000 while the defense troops include, beside other heavy units, a concentration of sixty or seventy big bombing aeroplanes. Daily engagements between the contestants are causing heavy casualties and great damage to life and property. The British government is determined to defend its rule against the encroachments from frontiersmen regardless of the cost of defense.

Who Are Afridis?—In the minds of the average American, as also in that of the average European, the Afridis, (described by the English news agencies as tribesmen) appear to be semi-civilized, fierce and dangerous men whose sole aim and profession in life is depredations on the rich and prosperous cities of British Indian border, looting of the mild and the generally weak Hindus, and by kidnapping or murder, or both, general harrassing of the British defenders of India. "Rudyard Kipling and numerous military authorities," says an editorial of the New York *Times* (Aug. 13), "have made clear the Pathan loves fighting for its own sake." And thus whatever measures of destruction or repression are reported against such "predatory" people are received with satisfaction, if not silent (or as in the case of the New York *Times*, loud) gratification. But the Afridi in this case is really not the kind of creature he has been painted to be, and he is just as definitely the victim of false "enemy propaganda" as have been all other groups, peoples and nations which have fallen afoul of the British during the last hundred years, from Napoleon to Gandhi. And the war now waged against Afridis is not a foreign invasion repelled by England, at all. It is in truth a phase of the Indian National struggle for independence, which began when Gandhi marched to the sea to pacifically defy the might of Britain. The Afridis are pledged to support the Indian struggle for liberty, by the method they are best qualified to employ—a method which is recognized by the highest British military authorities as the one real danger to the stability of British rule in India. A survey of events which have preceded the present outbreak of hostilities will elucidate the point we have just stated, and will prove that in the Anglo-Afridi war of 1930, things are not what they seem.

Afridis Are Indo Afghans—First of all let us understand once for all that despite the repeated statements of news-despatch writers to the contrary, the Afridis are an Indo-Afghan people. They are not as is frequently said (the New York *Times* called their newest attacks on Peshawar, "Afghan Invasion") Afghans, either in national or territorial delineation. They owe no allegiance to the King of Afghanistan, and do not live in the territory internationally known as the kingdom of Afghanistan. Afridis are the inhabitants of regions which lie between the British Indian and Afghan borders. Their religion is Islam (Mohammedan) and language Pashto. Racially they have often been described as Afghans, their facial features resembling the Jewish cast in every detail. But their territorial allegiance has always been to India, under the Great Mughals, under the Sikhs, and theoretically under the British. Tirah, their land, has often been conquered by English troops but never retained due to the extraordinary difficulties of pacifying such an independent and warlike people. They have, therefore, been subsidized heavily to safeguard the Khyber and Kohat Passes, through which the trade between India and Central Asia is carried on. In official terms, they are described as "semi-independent tribes." According to the Encyclopedia Brittanica, they are brave and hardy, excellent marksmen, and have furnished many good soldiers in the Indian army. Their outstanding social characteristic is their loyalty and democracy. "The Afridis," says Brittanica, "are intensely democratic, the heads of clans having little authority."

Afridi's Indian Kin.—While the vast majority of the Afridis reside in their own hilly stretches, a certain number of them pass down the line which divides Tirah from North-Western Frontier Province, every cold season, and live and carry on their business in British India. Peshawar, the chief city of the Frontier is their center, because it is inhabited mostly by Pathans (other tribes who like Afridis are part Afghan and part Indian) who are their kith and kin. In fact, for social and cultural purposes there is hardly any distinction between the Pathans of Peshawar and Tirah. They are all one except in the degree of subjection to British laws. Armed raids the Afridis occasionally make on the city Peshawar or adjacent areas, are not invasions of one people by another. They are in the nature of hillmen raiding the plainsmen for feud or loot. But when not engaged in hostility, the Afridis are either themselves Peshawaris or the kinsmen and brothers of its citizens. And this fact of identity between the Afridis and the Peshawaris is the secret of the present enigmatic situation, which looks like invasion of Peshawar, while in fact it is an extension of the fight the people of that city are making against the British government for securing the independence of India.

Gwynn knows they cannot do it. A man of Sir Walter's resource and power comes along only once in a thousand years, and straightway is numbered among the immortals. So our biographer is not afraid to disclose his enthusiasm. And the result is a book which glows and throbs in every page with the warm-blooded adoration of man for man.

Mr. Gwynn adds little to the familiar story. If anything is original it is his insistence that Scott can be found in his stories and poems as well as in his letters and journals. And it must be said that, for a writer as impersonal as Scott, Mr. Gwynn finds a surprising amount of revealing material in the former and hitherto quite neglected sources. We note also an emphasis upon Scott's early disappointment in love which seems unusual. This biographer insists that Scott's loss of the one woman whom he ever really passionately loved affected all his later life. He therefore deepens the colors in the picture of this episode, and therewith reveals depths of feeling in the great romancer which we had hardly realized before. Indeed, upon his depiction of this tragedy of disappointment, Mr. Gwynn bases an interpretation of Scott as a man and as an author which altogether outlaws the accepted doctrine that Scott was essentially superficial in his views of life and character. Scott probed the soul, says Mr. Gwynn, not as subtly nor as widely, perhaps, but every whit as deeply as did Shakespeare. He was as profound as the Bard himself. With Scott for the first time there entered into the novel that whole vast range of human interest and dramatic insight which hitherto had been confined to the plays of Shakespeare. Before Scott, the English novel was a mere comedy of manners; with Scott it became a medium of tragedy, history, romance, and a universal commentary upon the life of all times and places. The novel as we know it today, in its richness and variety and dignity as a form of art, was the creation of Sir Walter Scott, and this achievement sprang from deeps within his soul which have been all too seldom noted.

To lovers of Scott, of whom there must be millions in the world, this clear, graceful, warm-hearted biography is a welcome gift. It comes as the first of that multitude of books which we are sure will glorify the centenary, two years hence, of this greatest and most lovable of authors.

This fight started when the British troops fired on and killed 150 Pathans of Peshawar on April 23, 1930, becaused these Pathans had participated in Gandhi's Civil Disobedience program.

Massacre of Peshawar.—We have an authentic account of the massacre of Peshawar, from the pen of Mr. Qasuri, president of the Punjab Provincial Congress Committee. The facts which Mr. Qasuri touched upon in that communication, have since been abundantly corroborated and amplified by the two inquiries into the events of April 23, (official and non-official). Briefly, the trouble started when the Peshawaris gathered in the streets by the 50,000 in protest against the government's refusal to allow entry of Indian National Congress leaders, who had been invited by them to investigate their grievances against the operation of oppressive laws and regulations of Frontier government. Their excited but thoroughly peaceful march was seized upon by the military officials as excuse to use force. Two armored cars were run into the thick crowd from behind, at full speed and without signal of approach. A half dozen persons were trampled over and some killed instantly. The crowd inflamed at this set fire to the lorries, driving the occupants out to flight. An English army dispatch rider, who had followed the lorries, collided with one of these as it reared to escape and was killed. The scene which followed the arrival of troops and volley firing, will live in the history of Indian independence struggle as an epic of heroism and fortitude on a par with the most glorious examples of bravery presented by the Non-Violent Satyagrahis whose civil disobedience in the Bombay Presidency has written unparalleled chapters of moral glory in the annals of history. For six long hours the troops fired at Pathans of Peshawar, who in their hundreds came to offer themselves as targets. No sooner had one fallen shot, killed or wounded, than another took his place with bare chest exposed to the enemy, defying him to take a shot. And this army of martyrs included boys of from 12 to 21 and men in their seventies. It included women as well as men. Grandmothers who saw their own flesh and blood shot down, dared the soldiers of Britain to send them to the doom of their men, and were granted their wish. Children of 4 and 5 years sat on their elders' shoulders as they fell down under rifle shots. Streets littered with dead and dying and blood flowed freely where the Pathans of Peshawar—the most martial race of the North-West—was offering sacrifice for national independence, according to the Gandhi-way of fighting. But never did a single man or woman slip. Never a single person retaliated. It was a day of consecration and sacrifice. Lorry-loads of corpses were hurriedly picked up by the British soldiers as they closed their gory feast at the end of the day. They were carted off and burnt to reduce the evidence of crime. All local leaders were arrested and jailed without trial. Martial law—negation of all law—was immediately imposed and a dark shroud of secrecy thrown over the entire province. The entire North-Western Fontier Province was made one large-scale London Tower—the grave of all disloyalists.

British Invasion of Afridi-Land.—The agitation which this example of British savagery caused in the entire Indian peninsula, stiffened the attitude of Indian Moslems, who until then had been luke-warm towards the Civil Resistance moves of Gandhi. Almost directly the Bhindi-Bazar riots took place in Bombay. The issue in this case was exclusively between the British police and Moslems, the occasion for flare-up being the beating by a European sergeant of a Pathan beggar. 300 casualties in dead and wounded resulted. Other parts of India showed signs of Moslems' growing hostility, and the government of India decided to crush the Pathan resistance, in order to nip the Moslem's defection in the bud. They ordered their soldiers to march beyond the frontier province and invade the Afridi. Thus Great Britain's infantry cavalry, artillery, and air forces moved against the Pathan frontiersmen, to "punish" the miscreants of Peshawar. Scores of villages in the neighborhood were scoured, and bombed. Every single resident under suspicion was arrested and punished. Hundreds were imprisoned without trial. Their property totally destroyed or confiscated. Their organizations were proclaimed and disbanded, their processions—marriage and funeral alike—were broken up. Their food-stores commandeered and populations starved. Their crops destroyed and cattle slaughtered. A reign of terror was inaugurated, because it was the intention to strike terror in their hearts, they being the stoutest-hearted people England faced. And continually the British troops kept on marching deeper and deeper into the "semi-independent" tribal territory. It was an invasion. The higher authorities believed it would crush the resistance of Hindu. It would terrorize the Moslem away from independence struggle. It would relieve forces free to squelch the revolt in India, if they demonstrated their strength by crushing the martial Pathan rebels.

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Notice

REGINALD REYNOLDS of London, England, has original letters of MAHATMA GANDHI which he proposes to sell in aid of the FRIENDS OF INDIA SOCIETY which is in urgent need of funds for its work in England. Prospective purchasers can obtain copies of these letters from Susan Hoagland, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

National Council Conference

The annual meeting of the National Council for Prevention of War will be held in Washington, D. C., October 23 to 25. Among the subjects to be discussed are "Education for Peace," "Adjusting Ourselves to the Pact," "Current Legislative Problems," "Fundamental Economic Problems Affecting Peace." The list of speakers will include Mrs. Rachel Davis DuBois, Josephine Schain, Anna Garlin Spencer, Judge Florence Allen, Reinhold Niebuhr, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Dorothy Detzer, W. T. Stone, Tucker F. Smith, J. B. Matthews, Isadore Lubin, Mrs. Laura Puffer Morgan, and Professor James T. Shotwell. The conference will be confined to delegates and invited guests.

On October 22, the day before the opening meeting of the Council, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will hold a conference on a consultative pact, which members of the Annual Conference of the National Council are invited to attend.

Further information may be obtained from Richard R. Wood, 532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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